Don't "Yank" your Child by the Arm or Injuries Will Result

WHAT MAY HAPPEN.

DISLOCATION of the humerus.
TWISTING the arm out of shape.
STRAIN of lungs and heart by weakening of chest muscles.
WEAKNESS of wrist and hand by straining main nerve on inner side of arm.
NECROSIS of bone, due to irritation from improper resetting of dislocation.
ATROPHY of muscles, with possibility of paralysis.

A GOOD WAY TO DISLOCATE ••• THE SHOULDER •••

NO SPINE IN THE WORLD ••• ••• CAN STAND THIS

LISTEN, all of you who are mothers, or fathers, or big sisters, or big brothers, or aunts, or uncles, or grandmothers, of Washington!

Don't ever again drag a baby upstairs by the arm, under the delusion you are being good to him. Rather let him crawl up, step by step, in his own fashion.

Certain Injury.

Don't ever again swing him by the arm across a gutter or onto a car platform as if you were a crane and he a package of merchandise.

Don't ever again pick him up from the floor, letting his little two-inch spindle of an arm bear all his twenty or fifty pounds, until he gets himself righted on his unsteady pedals.

Don't ever again pull him along by the arm when you want to make his twelve-inch legs do the work of your forty or forty-five-inch ones. And when spanking time comes round don't—in the name of all bad babies—don't snatch him up by one arm and hold him dangling like a punching-bag while you relieve your temper.

In short, don't use the baby's arm as a handle. It wasn't meant for one, and a dozen dangers threaten when it is made to serve this purpose.

"Possible injury," repeated one of Washington's well-known surgeons when asked what the result of lifting babies by one arm might be, "it is not a question of possible injury, but of certain injury. A baby might better be lifted by the hair than by the arm.

Another Danger.

"The most common danger is that of dislocation. The arm of a child is very easily dislocated, and unless it is properly set the entire shoulder may grow out of shape. Children do not always know enough to tell when they are hurt, and a dislocation may not be noticed until it is too late to remedy the crookedness.

"Another danger is that of twisting the arm out of shape. The cartilage in a child's body does not become bone until about the seventh year, and while the child is very young it is soft enough to be twisted by being jerked the wrong way, and made to hold the weight of the body.

"Dragging a child around by the arm weakens the chest muscles, and this results in a strain of lungs and heart.

"Twisting the arm as one must in lifting a child in this manner presses the main nerve that runs along the inner side of the arm from shoulder to elbow, where it branches for the forearm; and any injury to this nerve produces weakness of the wrist and hand.

"As I have said, dislocation is the common danger, but all these others are possible ones, and the woman who cares to have her child physically strong should be careful never to use his arm as if it were a parcel carrier."

Chorus of Protests.

A half dozen other surgeons added their warnings to the chorus of protest.

One woman doctor who has much opportunity of observing the children of poor parents and who are not naturally expected to have the best of care, believes that many of the misshapen and weak little ones that come into the hospitals can trace their misfortunes to this cause.

"Dislocation is, of course, the first danger," said the doctor. "Then the twisting of the arm is liable to injure the muscles, which may become atrophied, with paralysis as a possible result.

"Arms were only meant for certain purposes. Grown people who carry heavy weights train for it, and it certainly never was intended to hang the whole weight of a child's body on his little arms.

"When a child's arm has been dislocated, it may go back accidentally or be put back in proper position to give him the use of it, and yet not set so the arm has the right shape. If the arm is not properly set, there is danger of irritation in the shoulder and the possibility of necrosis of the bone.

Children's Nerves.

"Most children's nerves are not very sensitive, and they often endure quietly much more pain than a grown person would. Besides, they don't always know that being hurt is not a part of the natural order of things, or that by telling they can be afforded relief, and often the harm done by lifting children by the arm is never known to the parents at all."

This abuse is not, however, confined to the children of the poor. A hundred times a day one sees little bundles of velvet and fur or fluffy ruffles, whose leggined or half-hosed legs wabble unsteadily, being hoisted about by doting elders who have merely committed the crime of not stopping to think of the harm they are doing.

Dragging Children.

It was only the other day that a woman came down the steps of a handsome northwest house, leading a little one in this careless fashion. She was evidently in a hurry, and her steps made a mighty pace for the toddling feet that finally lost their power to take any steps at all.

The woman, unwilling to be delayed, hurried on, dragging the child after her, paying no attention to the protesting wail that arose at her side. On she went, bent on making up time probably wasted in extra prinking or a final word of gossip or a long-drawn-out good-by, and behind her trailed the crying infant.

Woman's Contradictions.

Other passersby paid no heed, or were afraid to interfere; but the driver of a coal cart, busy unloading coal across the street, caught sight of her and ran after her, calling loudly:

"Madame, if you don't pick that child up, I'll call a policeman. You'd ought to be ashamed to treat a baby worse than you would treat a bull pup."

For an instant she seemed inclined to pay no heed to the man, but as he repeated his demand she stopped, set the child on his feet, wiped his tears, scolded him a little for crying, then went on at a pace he could follow, while the man turned his back to his wagon, muttering:

"If I'd struck one of my horses there'd been a dozen women in the block yelling at me to stop, and they'd let another woman yank the arm clean out of a baby's body and never say a word."

Of course, it is carelessness rather than intention that makes grown people do this thing, but carelessness is sometimes criminal, and this is one of the times.

And now, before you grown-ups go yanking any more little ones around by the arms, just stop a minute and answer these questions:

How would you like a giant ten or twelve feet tall to lead you along the street, expecting you to keep up with his six-foot strides?

How would you like him to drag you across a ditch deep enough for you to drown in, swinging your whole weight upon your arm?

How would you like him to take you by the arm up a flight of stairs as fast as he could go with each step as high as your knees or higher?

How would you like him to hoist you by that same arm of yours upon a car step that came almost up to your chin?

Don't you think that, by the time you made about one trip down town and home again, you would be ready to shoot that giant, no matter whether it was a lady or gentleman giant, and no matter how much that giant kissed you and called you darling?

To a baby of from one to three years the world is full of giants and things built for giants, and the only thing for these Brobdingnagians is to unite in a society for the prevention of thoughtless cruelty to the Lilliputians growing up about their feet.

Uncle Sam's Bright, Young Diplomats Who Are Successes Abroad

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THE young American diplomat is just now holding the center of the stage in a fashion to compel amazement, if not admiration, on the part of the staid statesmen of the Old World. In the Far East, in the Balkans, at Panama, and other international storm centers there is presented the surprising spectacle of the interests of the greatest Republic being looked after, and looked after exceedingly well, by junior officials who are mere boys compared to the veteran diplomats whom the leading European nations have delegated as political scouts at this crucial period in the world's history.

The keynote of the daring policy which Uncle Sam is pursuing all around the globe is sounded by the situation in Japan, where Yankee interests—and they are admittedly highly important—are being looked after by Lloyd Griscom, a young man whose entire diplomatic experience barely covers a span of ten years, and who has been at his present post little more than a year. Mr. Griscom, who is now the American envoy at Tokyo, is the son of Clement A. Griscom, well known in shipping and political circles, and his education was very much like that of the average young man whose parents have plenty of this world's goods.

His diplomatic career began in 1892, when he was appointed private secretary to the American ambassador to Great Britain. He continued in this position only about a year, however, and then occurred a break of five years ere he was, in 1899, appointed secretary of the legation at Constantinople, Turkey. Here he made so creditable a record in dealing with the Turkish government, which is always a ticklish proposition, that he was rewarded by promotion in 1901 to the post of minister to Persia. From this place he was transferred at the close of the year 1902 to his present position at the Japanese capital.

Minister Griscom is now holding one of the few jobs in Uncle Sam's diplomatic service in which a man can save some money out of his salary. It might appear to be the irony of fate that where we have so many ministerial posts, the occupants of which must spend more for living expenses than they receive from the Government, almost the sole really profitable place should go to a young man who is not worried by a limited bank account. The envoy from the United States to the Japanese Empire receives a salary of $12,000, and so low is the cost of living in Japan that he can, if he wishes, save at least $7,000 a year, and yet maintain his position and live as becomes his station. Mrs. Griscom is a bride who is one of the most admired women in official circles in the Far East. Prior to her marriage a couple of years ago she was Miss Elizabeth Duer Bronson, and acted as bridesmaid at the wedding of Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt and the Duke of Marlborough, and at the marriage of Miss Elsie French and Alfred G. Vanderbilt.

Another tactful and energetic young American diplomat, who has already figured conspicuously in the Oriental field, and is likely to do so to an even greater extent in the future, is W. W. Rockhill, who is said to be slated to succeed Minister Conger as envoy to China. Mr. Rockhill, who is now acting as Director of the Bureau of American Republics—where, by the way, he has made a most creditable record—knows more about China than any other living American. He has traveled extensively in the Celestial Empire, traversing not only the beaten highways of travel, but penetrating to almost inaccessible localities, and, in addition, he has kept himself fully informed as to every political development. His insight into Chinese character could not be better evidenced than by the manner in which he conducted negotiations at the time of the Boxer revolt, when he went to China as a special envoy and personal commissioner of the President.

Turning to South America, Central America and the West Indies, now more than ever a theater of international politics of vital importance to this country, we find young Americans holding up Uncle Sam's end of every question in magnificent fashion. At Panama, which is likely to be for some time to come the pivotal point of Pan-American activities, the interests of this country are being ably cared for by William W. Russell, the new charge d'affaires, who it is predicted will ere long be made minister to Panama, a $10,000 position, likely to be one of the gravest responsibility for many years to come. Mr. Russell, who is not yet forty-five years of age, received his practical training at that most turbulent of South American capitals, Caracas, Venezuela, and moreover he proved himself a past master of diplomacy by the firm yet conciliatory policy which he adopted at a time when all Venezuela was aflame with indignation at the Yankee nation to which she is now wont to refer affectionately as her "big brother."

In this self-same erratic Venezuela Miss Columbia is now represented by another young diplomat of the first order—Herber W. Bowen. His career at Caracas, unlike that of some of his predecessors, has been marked by unvarying success. When he first went to the Paris of South America he found the people deeply prejudiced against Americans, but such a transformation has he worked that he is today one of the most popular and most trusted men, native or foreign, in the little republic. President Castro confers with him more frequently than he does with his own minister of foreign affairs.

Mr. Bowen, who is well under fifty years of age, is six feet four inches in height and when he was in college the greatest rivalry in athletics existed between him and W. H. Taft, the present Secretary of War. Mr. Bowen did not enter the service of the Government until after he had "made good" in his chosen profession by building up an extensive law practice in New York. He is probably the only officer in our consular or diplomatic service who has served successively in the four positions of consul, consul general, minister resident, and minister plenipotentiary, and his career has been chock full of action from the word go.

He was serving as consul general to Spain at the time of the Spanish-American war, and was the last American to leave the enemy's country. The train on which he departed just before war was declared was surrounded by a mob of howling dons, but the giant Yankee stood on the rear platform of the last car, laughing and composedly smoking a cigar. From Spain he went to Teheran as minister to Persia. The position of Uncle Sam's representative at the Shah's court does not entail quite so many responsibilities as fall upon the shoulders of the British and Russian envoys—the agents of powers fencing for control of the highway to India—but at the same time the Persian post has always been recognized as a most exacting one, a detail to try the souls of diplomats, and thus it speaks volumes for Mr. Bowen's art that he left the country bearing as a special token of the Shah's regard, the decoration of the Grand Cordon of the Lion and Sun, the most ancient order of Persia.

After all, however, the greatest feather in the cap of Mr. Bowen was won by the manner in which he looked after Venezuela's interests in the adjustment of the row between the South American republic and her European creditors. Mr. Bowen's strenuous methods in this negotiation were sneeringly referred to by some of the European diplomats against whom he was pitted, as "shirt sleeve diplomacy," but it was noticeable that Mr. Bowen won out in all his contentions, and all Americans, from Mr. Roosevelt down, had to admire the high-handed manner in which he refused to allow even the President to interfere in his management of Venezuela's affairs when the discomfited European diplomats tried to get out of the hole in which he had placed them by going over his head and appealing direct to President Roosevelt, who, of course, had no real jurisdiction in the case.

It is interesting to note just now that had he had his own way John Barrett who is United States minister to the Argentine Republic, would be in Minister Griscom's shoes at Tokyo. Barrett was anxious to be made United States minister to Japan when the post was vacant, but for some reason Japan was not anxious to have Mr. Barrett who had formerly been United States minister to Siam, and so he was sent to South America's most progressive capital. Another wideawake American who is doing diplomatic picket duty for Uncle Sam at an important sentry post is Herbert G. Squiers, United States minister to Cuba. Captain Squiers is a native of Canada, but came to the States in his youth and as a lieutenant in the regular army fought under the intrepid Custer. He, too, has had some lively times in his diplomatic career. As first secretary of our legation at Pekin he was in charge of things during the critical time preceding the Boxer outbreak when Minister Conger was in Washington, and when trouble finally came it was he who with his military knowledge, directed all arrangements for the defense of the legation.

No mention of the young American diplomats who have knowledge at first hand of the Pan-American situation would be complete without reference to Francis B. Loomis, now Assistant Secretary of State, and frequently Acting Secretary of the department. Mr. Loomis inaugurated his public career when little more than a boy by serving as consul at St. Etienna, France. President McKinley appointed him minister to Venezuela, and he was stationed at Caracas when the government and people of Venezuela were far less friendly to the United States than at present. Later he acted as minister to Portugal. He was succeeded at this latter post by another young diplomat, Charles Page Bryan, who had previously served as United States envoy to China, Brazil, and Switzerland, respectively.

In the Near East, as well as in the Far East, the young diplomat is to the fore. Connected with the United States legation at Constantinople—always a prospective seat of trouble—are U. Grant Smith, and other young men, while several of our representatives in the Balkan capitals are not only young men, but comparatively new to the business. In this same general zone of activity is Robert P. Skinner, consul general at Marseilles, France, who has just made a remarkable trade-winning pilgrimage to Abyssinia, and in consequence of his success may be made Uncle Sam's first minister to King Menelik's court.